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FOR ENGLAND  
POEMS WRITTEN DURING  
ESTRANGEMENT

BY

WILLIAM WATSON

JOHN LANE · THE BODLEY HEAD  
LONDON & NEW YORK · MDCCCCIV

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LEONARD COURTNEY

DEAR MR. COURTNEY,

The verses which occupy the ensuing pages were inspired by the hope of assisting in the promotion of a reasonable human feeling towards those who were our adversaries in the late epical conflict. It is with an abashed sense of the littleness of my service to a great cause that I ask you to let me link them with your name.

Hazlitt said of Charles James Fox : " His

love of his country did not consist in hatred of the rest of mankind." Unhappily, however, there are many persons whose love of their country appears to consist in nothing else, and from some of these I anticipate a repetition of the charge, already brought against me, of anti-patriotism; an accusation perhaps best treated with disdain, yet in itself so odious, that to suffer it without impatience is difficult. Especially is it odious to one who has prided himself on being peculiarly English in his sympathies and sentiments, and who comes of many generations of such Englishmen as fought indomitably for faith and commonweal, such Englishwomen as lived the beautiful ancient

life of our pastoral highlands, in the lee of northern hills and by the flowing of Swale and Ure. To one conscious of these noble origins, conscious, too, of having loved his country with the vigilant love that cannot brook a shadow upon her honour, the charge of being against her because he deplores her temporary attitude and action, brings a kind of amazement that has in it something akin to despair. But hope returns at last—the hope, nay, the assurance, that the spirit of detraction and falsification is no true English growth, and must presently perish, or seek some fitter soil and clime.

You, at any rate, will not accuse me of inconstancy to my beloved and worshipped

homeland—you who have endured a kindred obloquy in greater measure, proportioned to your greater courage and achievement.

I remain, with high respect,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM WATSON.

## NOTE

*THESE poems, with two exceptions, have already appeared in the Daily News, the Speaker, the Westminster Gazette, the Saturday Review, the Fortnightly Review, and the Cornhill Magazine, to whose respective Editors my thanks are due for permission to republish.*

W. W.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE ENEMY . . . . .	17
Unskilled in Letters, and in Arts unversed	
PAST AND PRESENT . . . . .	19
When lofty Spain came towering up the seas	
ON BEING STYLED "PRO-BOER" . . . . .	20
Friend, call me what you will : no jot care I	
"LENIENCY" . . . . .	22
What voice is this, of bale and wrath ?	
FORCE AND FREEDOM . . . . .	25
Oh, doubtless ye can trample and enchain	
TO ONE ESPOUSING UNPOPULAR TRUTH . . . . .	27
Not yet, dejected though thy cause, despair	
LAMENTATION . . . . .	29
O early fall'n, uncrowned with envied laurel	
MELANCHOLIA . . . . .	31
In the cold starlight, on the barren beach	



	PAGE
ACHIEVEMENT . . . . .	33
Who says we fail? We prosper beyond dreams	
ROME AND ANOTHER . . . . .	35
She asked for all things, and dominion such	
THE INEXORABLE LAW . . . . .	36
We too shall pass, we too shall disappear .	
AN IDEAL PASSION . . . . .	38
Not she, the England I behold	
THE UNSUBDUED . . . . .	39
Our tears, our wounds, our sacrifices ! Yea	
GREETING . . . . .	41
I greet you and am with you, Friends of Peace	
A LAODICEAN . . . . .	44
Timorous, hesitant voice, how utterly vile I hold you !	
FOR ENGLAND . . . . .	45
Of all great deaths on English ground, thine most	
METAMORPHOSIS . . . . .	47
The golden voices of the nobler day	
HARVEST . . . . .	50
A naked people in captivity	

# CONTENTS

	13
	PAGE
THE SLAIN . . . . .	51
Partners in silence, mates in noteless doom	
THE TRAGIC CHANGE . . . . .	53
To follow Truth was yesterday	
LINES TO THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE	54
Thanks for your heartening word, that came from one	
THE TRUE IMPERIALISM . . . . .	60
Here, while the tide of conquest rolls	
THE DRAGONS . . . . .	62
Prince Vortigern—so run the ancient tales	
ALPHA AND OMEGA . . . . .	64
He throned her in the gateways of the world	



FOR ENGLAND



I

THE ENEMY

UNSKILLED in Letters, and in Arts unversed ;  
Ignorant of empire ; bounded in their view  
By the lone billowing veldt, where they  
upgrew

Amid great silences ; a people nursed  
Apart—the far-sown seed of them that erst  
Not Alva's sword could tame : now, blindly  
hurled

Against the march of the majestic world,  
They fight and die, with dauntless bosoms  
curst.

Crazed, if you will ; demented, not to  
yield

Ere all be lost ! And yet it seems to me  
They fought as noblest Englishmen did use  
To fight, for freedom ; and no Briton he,  
Who to such valour in a desperate field  
A knightly salutation can refuse.



## PAST AND PRESENT

WHEN lofty Spain came towering up the  
seas

This little stubborn land to daunt and  
quell,

The winds of heaven were our auxiliaries,  
And smote her, that she fell.

Ah, not to-day is Nature on our side !

The mountains and the rivers are our foe.  
And Nature with the heart of man allied  
Is hard to overthrow.

### III

#### ON BEING STYLED "PRO-BOER"

FRIEND, call me what you will : no jot care I :

I that shall stand for England till I die.

England ! The England that rejoiced to see

Hellas unbound, Italy one and free ;

The England that had tears for Poland's

doom,

And in her heart for all the world made

room ;

The England from whose side I have not  
swerved ;

The immortal England whom I, too, have  
served,

Accounting her all living lands above,  
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love.

## "LENIENCY"

WHAT voice is this, of bale and wrath ?

    "We have not burned enough, or slain ;  
Too little havoc marks our path ;  
    We are too gentle, too humane.

    "From countless roof-trees be there rolled  
    The smoke of expiatory fires !  
More incense yet an hundredfold  
    The unsated God of War requires."

Blind from the first, blind to the end,

Blind to all signs that ask men's gaze !

In vain by lips of foe or friend

The world cries shame upon your  
ways.

Blind beyond cure ! Despoil and burn ;

Fling forth the helpless — babes as  
well ;

And let the children's children learn

To hate us with the hate of hell.

From whatsoever taint remain

Of lingering justice in our heart,

Purge us : erase the poor last stain

Of pity ; yea, act out your part ;

Speed us along the downward track ;

Delay the dawn, defeat the light ;

And thrust the human spirit back

Into the night, into the night.

## FORCE AND FREEDOM

OH, doubtless ye can trample and enchain,  
Sow death and breathe out winter; but  
can ye

Persuade the destined bondsman he is free,  
Or with a signal build the summer again ?

Oh, ye can hold the rivulets of the plain

A little while from nuptials with the sea,

But the fierce mountain-stream of Liberty

Not edicts and not hosts may long restrain.

For this is of the heights and of the deeps,



Born of the heights and in the deeps conceived.

This, 'mid the lofty places of the mind,  
Gushes pellucid, vehemently upheaved ;  
And tears and heart's blood hallow it, as it  
sweeps

Invincibly on, co-during with mankind.

VI

TO ONE ESPOUSING UNPOPULAR  
TRUTH

NOT yet, dejected though thy cause, de-  
spair,

Nor doubt of Dawn for all her laggard  
wing.

In shrewdest March the earth was mellow-  
ing,

And had conceived the Summer unaware.

With delicate ministration, like the air,

The sovereign forces that conspire to bring

Light out of darkness, out of Winter  
Spring,

Perform unseen their tasks benign and fair.

The sower soweth seed o'er vale and hill,

And long the folded life waits to be born ;

Yet hath it never slept, nor once been still :

And clouds and suns have served it night  
and morn ;

The winds are of its secret council sworn ;

And Time and nurturing Silence work its  
will.

VII

LAMENTATION

O EARLY fall'n, uncrowned with envied  
laurel,

O lives that nameless come and noteless  
go,

Our vainly brave in an ignoble quarrel,  
That fought unhating an unhating foe !

Ye pass, ye cease ; in alien dust your dust  
is ;

Carnage and tears depart not, wrath re-  
mains ;

And Power derides the lips that counsel  
justice,

And nations wonder, and the world arraigns.

And foresight of how long the end yet  
tarries

To no man born of woman hath He  
given,

Who marshals all His flashing legionaries  
Nightly upon the silent field of heaven.

## VIII

### MELANCHOLIA

IN the cold starlight, on the barren beach,  
Where to the stones the rent sea-tresses  
    clave,

I heard the long hiss of the backward wave  
Down the steep shingle, and the hollow  
    speech

Of murmurous cavern-lips, nor other breach  
Of ancient silence. None was with me,  
    save

Thoughts that were neither glad nor sweet  
    nor brave,

But restless comrades, each the foe of each.

And I beheld the waters in their might

Writhe as a dragon by some great spell  
curbed

And foiled ; and one lone sail ; and over  
me

The everlasting taciturnity ;

The august, inhospitable, inhuman night,

Glittering magnificently unperturbed.



## IX

### ACHIEVEMENT

WHO says we fail? We prosper beyond  
dreams.

As architects of ruin we have no peers.

We thought to fire but farmsteads : we have  
lit

A flame less transient in the hearts of men.

We are ill at building? Yet have we at  
least

Destroyed to better purpose than we knew.

We have raised up heroes where we found  
but hinds,

We have ravaged well, our rapine is not  
vain.

Redder from our red hoof-prints the wild  
rose

Of freedom shall afresh hereafter spring,  
And in our own despite are we the sires  
Of liberty, as night begets the day.

Sufficient claim to memory this I deem,  
Title enow, were other passport none.

## ROME AND ANOTHER

SHE asked for all things, and dominion such  
As never man had known,  
The gods first gave ; then lightly, touch by  
touch,  
O'erthrew her seven-hilled throne.

Imperial Power, that hungerest for the  
globe,  
Restrain thy conquering feet,  
Lest the same Fates that spun thy purple  
robe  
Should weave thy winding-sheet.

XI

THE INEXORABLE LAW

WE too shall pass, we too shall disappear,  
Ev'n as the mighty nations that have waned  
And perished. Not more surely are ordained  
The crescence and the cadence of the year,  
High-hearted June, October spent and sere,  
Than this gray consummation. We have  
    reigned  
Augustly ; let our part be so sustained  
That Time, far hence, shall hold our  
    memory dear !

Let it be said : " This Mistress of the sword  
And conquering prow, this Empire swoln  
with spoils,

Yet served the human cause, yet strove for  
Man ;

Hers was the purest greatness we record ;

We whose ingathered sheaves her tilth  
foreran,

Whose peace comes of her tempests and  
her toils."

XII

AN IDEAL PASSION

NOT she, the England I behold,  
My mistress is ; nor yet  
The England beautiful of old,  
Whom Englishmen forget.

The England of my heart is she,  
Long hoped and long deferred,  
That ever promises to be,  
And ever breaks her word.

### XIII

## THE UNSUBDUED

OUR tears, our wounds, our sacrifices ! Yea,  
But what of theirs, whose monstrous agony  
towers,

Darkening the noon ? Their woe outmatches  
ours

As Alps the Wrekin. No soft hands allay  
Their giant pain. A whole world's wonder,  
they

Fight their lorn fight against invincible  
powers.

From earth's rough breast their tragic valour  
flowers,

Fostered in tempest through the thunderous  
day.

Calamity makes them great. Have we  
alone

No eyes, when all men witness and  
acclaim ?

The sound of their rude warriorship is  
blown

From land to land. Earth shouts afar their  
fame.

Bruised, broken in shards, this people  
nought can tame ;

They have a heart that cannot be o'er-  
thrown.



XIV

GREETING

*(Lines read at a meeting of Englishwomen)*

I GREET you and am with you, Friends of  
Peace,

Of Equity, of Freedom. 'Tis an hour

Inhospitable to Reason's tempering word ;

Yet, being brave, being women, you will  
speak

The thought that must be spoken, without  
fear.

The Voice of Chivalry grows faint ; the note

Of Patriotism is well-nigh overborne.

For what is Patriotism but noble care  
For our own country's honour in mens'  
    eyes,  
And zeal for the just glory of her arms ?  
If it be aught but this we'll none of it.  
Keep then that zeal, that noble care alive ;  
Keep then from 'altogether perishing  
The light of the authentic patriot flame :  
Even as another remnant kept it clear,  
When in an England errant from herself  
A dull King and his purblind counsellors  
Goaded the New World to fling off the Old.  
And in this hour when England half forgets  
That Empire dies not starved but surfeited,  
Warn her that tho' she 'whelm a kindred  
    race,

A valiant people, stubborn-built as we,  
Yet shall they gnarr hereafter at her heel,  
Secretly unsubdued though beaten down ;  
Too near ourselves to be in spirit o'ercome  
But on fierce memories fed, and evermore  
Upborne in heart by the saluting world.

A LAODICEAN

TIMOROUS, hesitant voice, how utterly vile

I hold you !

Voice without wrath, without ruth—

empty of hate as of love !

Different notes from these, O watchman,

blow to the midnight !

Loud, in a deep-lulled land, trumpeter,

sound an alarm !

XVI

FOR ENGLAND

OF all great deaths on English ground,  
thine most,

Simon de Montfort, doth my spirit stir.

Thou fought'st for England and didst die  
for her,

Thyself of other race, from outland coast.

Law's mandatory and Freedom's, thou thy  
host

Didst hurl against a sceptred law-breaker ;

Nor didst thou blench when, black from  
plume to spur,

Rode Fate on Evesham field, and all was  
lost.

Then for their lives thou bad'st thy noblest  
fly :

"Thou dying we would not live," they made  
reply,

And dauntless round thy dauntlessness were  
mown ;

And thou with wrath that hewed its way  
on high

Fell'st fighting the steep fight of Liberty,  
In a crashing forest of the foe, alone.

XVII

METAMORPHOSIS

THE golden voices of the nobler day,  
Uttering the Statesman's or the Sage's  
thought,

Or from the Muse's mountain fastness  
blown ;

Great voices of great lovers of their land ;  
All have departed, all return no more.

What of their mighty Mistress, her whom  
these

Gloried to serve? Behold, she staggers  
forth,

Paving her path with babes and sucklings  
slain ;

Shouting her own applause, if haply so  
She may shout down the hisses of the  
world ;

Warned vainly, and rebuked by all her  
Past ;

England, our ancient England, strange and  
new !

O loveliness transformed, what Comus-  
wand

Hath touched thee ? What enchantment  
hath prevailed,

That thou so deep descendest from so  
high,



Fall'n to this Ogre's work, more meet for  
them

That painted crimson the Anatolian snows ?

At least one singer, honouring evermore

Thine inmost soul through all its outward  
change,

Shall not, in life's last passion of farewell,

When the dark wings close over him, bear  
hence

The dreadful memory, that he once blas-  
phemed,

With benison on cruelty bestowed,

The holy spirit of song ; or stood at gaze,

Unto these deaths consenting, foully mute.

XVIII

HARVEST

A NAKED people in captivity ;

A land where Desolation hath her throne ;

The wrath that is, the rage that is to be :

Our fruits, whereby we are known.

## XIX

### THE SLAIN

PARTNERS in silence, mates in noteless  
doom,

Peers in oblivion's commonalty merged ;  
Unto like deeds by differing mandates  
urged,

And equalled in the unrespective tomb ;  
Leal or perfidious, cruel or tender, whom  
Precipitate fate hath 'of your frailties  
purged ;

Whom duly the impartial winds have  
dirged,

In autumn or the glorying vernal bloom :  
Already is your strife become as nought ;  
Idle the bullet's flight, the bayonet's thrust,  
The senseless cannon's dull, unmeaning  
word ;

Idle your feud ; and all for which ye fought  
To this arbitrament of loam referred,  
And cold adjudication of the dust.

XX

THE TRAGIC CHANGE

To follow Truth was yesterday  
To England's heart the surest way.  
Follow her now, and thou shalt share  
An exile's fate, an exile's fare.

XXI

LINES TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

THANKS for your heartening word, that  
came from one  
Acquainted with the story of many peoples,  
Acquainted with the life of many peoples ;  
An honoured labourer for the amity  
And weal of peoples, loftier things than  
sway.

Thanks for your heartening word, that  
came to one

Fated to hoist a somewhat lonely sail,  
Against the wind and tide ; that came to  
one

Fated to be at variance with the time,  
Touching the parts it hisses or applauds ;  
Who liefer would sit mute, and be with-  
drawn

Far into some consolatory Past,  
Among old voices, the unperishing,  
Save that such words of cheer the courier  
Hours

Bring when most needed, words restorative,  
Coming across the silence or dispraise,  
Coming across the welter and the gloom.

I lose not hope or faith in this great land,  
This many-victoried, many-heroed land,  
Though hope oft sinks, and faith is hard to  
hold.

She that with ruthless John and truthless  
Charles,

And James the despicable, by voice or  
sword

Strove, and not vainly, for her liberties ;

She that from him, the humbler of the  
world,

Whose thunderous heel was on submitted  
thrones,

Kept whole and virginal her liberties ;

She that so joyed at sound of other lands

Heaved high with passion for their liberties ;



Shall yet win back—'tis thus at least I  
dream,<sup>1</sup>

Being her lover, and dreaming from the  
heart—

Shall yet win back her lost and wandering  
soul,

Shall yet recall herself from banishment ;

Shall yet remember—she forgets to-day—

How the munificent hands of Life are  
full

Of gifts more covetable an hundredfold

Than man's dominion o'er reluctant man ;

And come upon old wealth disused and  
idle,

Her scorned estate and slighted patrimony,

Auriferous veins in all the field of being,

With those shy treasures no self-seeking  
wins,  
Rather self-search, and grace of fortunate  
hours.

The Cæsars and the Alexanders pass,  
Whilst he that drank the hemlock, he that  
drank  
The Cup more dread, on Calvary hill, re-  
main,  
Servants and mighty conquerors of the  
world.

The great achievement of the human mind  
Is the idea of Justice. More than arts  
And sciences, than faiths and rituals, this  
Lifts all our life above the life of beasts.

Chiefly by this are we a nobler kind,  
The Earth's elect and separate ; lost to this,  
Our state is as the state of beasts indeed,  
That snatch their meat, one from another's  
    mouth,  
And without pain another's pain behold ;  
Though these are guiltless, knowing not  
    light or law.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM

Here, while the tide of conquest rolls  
    Against the distant golden shore,  
The starved and stunted human souls  
    Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art,  
    Your triumphs and your glories vain,  
To feed the hunger of their heart  
    And famine of their brain,

Your savage deserts howling near,

Your wastes of ignorance, vice, and  
shame,—

Is there no room for victories here,

No field for deeds of fame ?

Arise and conquer while ye can

The foe that in your midst resides,

And build within the mind of Man

The Empire that abides.

## THE DRAGONS

PRINCE VORTIGERN—so run the ancient  
tales—

A stronghold sought to build in wildest  
Wales ;

But some fell Power frustrated each assay,  
And nightly wrecked the labours of the day ;  
Till Merlin came, and bade the builders all,  
Beneath the escarp'd and many-bastioned  
wall,

Dig deep ; and lo, two dragons, o'er whose lair  
Nothing secure might rise, lay sleeping there.

Search the foundations, you that build a  
State ;

For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate  
Lie coiled below, and darkly bide their hour,  
Fear walks the rampart, Fear ascends the  
tower.

And let it not content you that they sleep :  
Drive them with strong enchantments to the  
deep.

First of such charms is Perfect Justice ; then  
Comes the heart's word that conquers beasts  
and men.

No other craft shall serve—no spells but  
these

Drive the old dragons to the whelming seas.

## XXIV

### ALPHA AND OMEGA

HE throned her in the gateways of the  
world,

He 'stablished her on high before the  
peoples.

He raised her as a watch-tower from the  
wave,

He built her as a lighthouse on the waters.

He maketh and unmaketh without end,

And He alone, who is first and last, shall  
judge her.



# ODE ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. BY WILLIAM WATSON

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**DAILY NEWS.**—"His thought is bold and dignified, and he raises the whole subject from mere prettiness to the character of a grave and weighty message to the nation. The treatment is in sympathy with the thought. The Ode glows with colour, laid on with the boldness of conscious power. The imagery is at once just, daring, and beautiful, suggestive of the largeness of the theme, the vastness of our history."

SPEAKER.—“ He has developed his subject largely and characteristically, in verse that charms us by its marmorean property of style, the unstrained distinction of its rhythms, and its unflagging aptitude of expression. But two other qualities which Mr. Watson possesses in an eminent degree are exhibited in this Ode ; one is the power of composition, which is rare among English writers of any kind ; the other is the sense of history, which he shares with no other living poet.”

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---

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---

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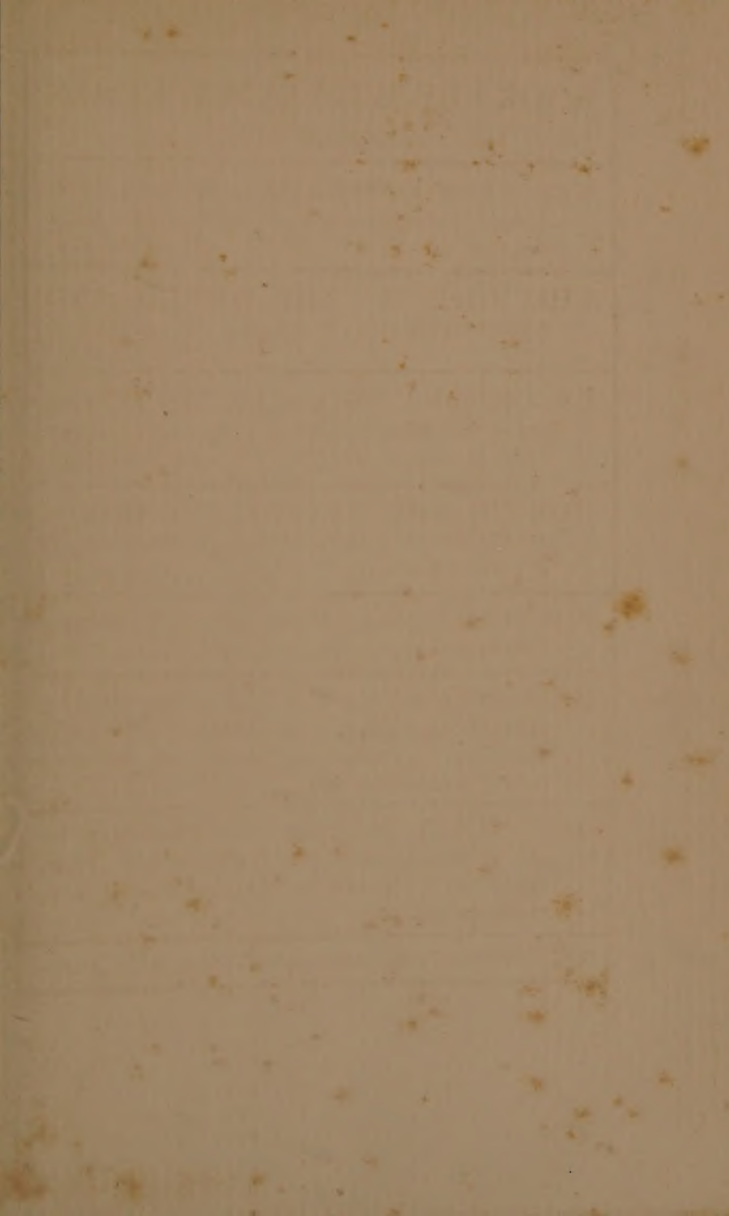
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